VOLUME I.—No. 4.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Leader, *Mary Russell Bartlett*, '79	49
In Memoriam, *Anna Robertson Brown*, '83	50
Address on Rural Life, *H. F. Durant*	51
Cloudland, *Mary L. Dransfield*, '90	55
The Week, *Emily I. Meader*, '91	56
College Notes, *Theodora Kyle*, '91	58
Auld Acquaintance, *Edith S. Tufts*, '84	58
Foreign Letter, *R. See*	59
Inter-Collegiate News, *Mary W. Bates*, '92	60
Our Outlook, *Mary Barrows*, '90	60
Waban Ripples	61
Magazines and Reviews, *Mary Barrows*, '90	61
Book Reviews, *Sarah M. Bock*, '90	62

WELLESLEY, MASS., OCTOBER 12, 1889.

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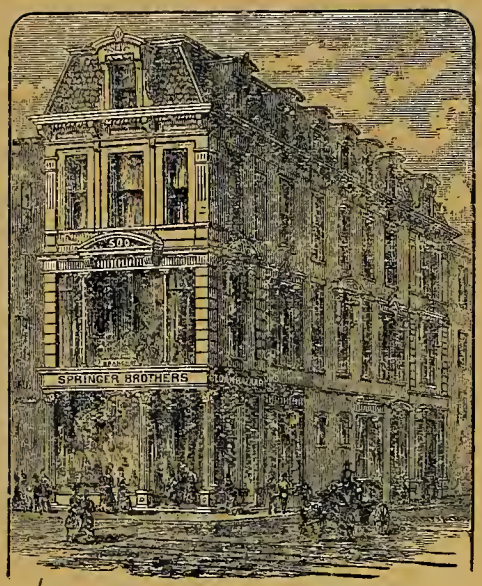

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. I. WELLESLEY COLLEGE, OCTOBER 12, 1889. No. 4.

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price, $2.00 a year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

EDITORS:

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PUBLISHER, - - - WILLIS F. STEVENS.

All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to MISS LAUDERBURN, through the "Prelude" box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the college should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Edith S. Tufts, Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

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MACAULAY'S saying that the beautiful is not to be stared at but to be lived with, well expresses the belief which animated the originator of all that Wellesley students enjoy. He surrounded us with beauty's substance that we might draw from it those essential principles of beauty of which no future experience could rob us. Every Wellesley possession and custom which gratifies taste or sentiment can be traced to some incident connected with him, yet rich fabrics, rare carving, elaborate frescoes to those who knew him are less an exponent of the quality of beauty which he loved than the violets and anemones of Wellesley's dells, than the lights on her lake, than delicate, precise outlines which mark fine shades of characterization in art, than haunting melodies of instrument, voice or verse which express subtle feeling or high aspiration.

If his face brimmed with almost boyish glee when telling us of any new treasure which had been brought into the house, it was no less illumined when among the many notices from the chapel platform in that first autumn of 1875 he thought it worth while himself to tell us that we should not let many days pass without seeing the glossy crimson foliage of the tupelo tree then at the height of its beauty. On another occasion when all were assembled in chapel he described the possible walks on and near the college grounds, mentioning as the limit in one direction a brook of which he said playfully, "You can call it the Rubicon if you want to,—and if you want to break rules, you can cross it."

He had a series of paintings of the wild flowers of Wellesley which he was fond of showing those who visited him in his own home, pointing out to them such little details as a torn rose-petal in illustration of the modern principle of fidelity to the actual where an older painter would have made something in conformity to a fixed standard of perfection.

As in the out door world so in the world of books he was continually pointing out to us those enchanting by-paths which often lead to fresher, more impressive glimpses of the grander heights of intellectual achievement. To a little semi-secret club formed for the purpose of occasional trysts with beauty in some of these by-paths and about to be discontinued in consequence of the pressure of more necessary studies, he said, "O don't give it up. Never mind meeting regularly. Be a comet and come around when it suits you. Let me know when you meet and I'll send you a bouquet of flowers!"

In his library which became our library were an unusual number of books of poems, showing that his eye was ever alert and his heart open to welcome the possibility of beauty in new forms. When "But Yet a Woman" was published it recalled to one Wellesley girl the day when he spoke to her of "a beautiful new poem on Francesca of Rimini by a professor of mathematics," reiterating the last words as though the fact would enhance the attraction of Mr. Hardy's melodious stanzas. He had a vivid memory of that which had delighted his own student days and wished us to share it,—

to read the very volume of Blackwood in which Tennyson's early poems were discussed and Christopher North poured forth his unique wealth of imagery. Once when urging some of us to study the varied rhythms of Shelley, he spoke of him in words which in substance corresponded with Dr. Brooks's mention of him as one who "tried so hard to be heathen and would still be Christian in his own despite." He told us to study the dictionary, saying to ourselves as we found occasion, "Ah! there's a pretty word. I will remember that." Often when he spoke to us of these things it seemed that not in vain had he cherished this love of the beautiful in words and rhythms, but that "beauty born of murmuring sound had passed into his face."

Besides his express wish that the college should perish rather than lose its spirit of consecration, he always said to us less directly, but not less clearly, that he would rather see the fountains of inspiration within the house closed than that the students should forget to drink of those beneath the open sky. Neither was he blind to the fact that a certain homely fitness is sometimes the truest beauty. We remember how he spoke to us of Hans Holbein as nobly painting veritable carpenter's shops instead of angels attitudinizing.

Wellesley is the College Beautiful, not first because of its natural surroundings, nor because it has a Browning room, a Faculty parlor, and an Art Building, but because the personality which kindled it into being breathed into it that spirit whose natural outgrowth is beauty from the highest to the lowest form.

Mary Russell Bartlett, '79.

"I pluck the Milk-weed's pallid pod,
And set it with the Golden rod;
I tarry long, I linger late,
I cry: "O world of work, await;
I cannot hasten unto thee,
In Nature's Kingdom, I am free—
Free from the worker's ceaseless strain,
Tasks never done; the low dull pain
Piercing, the over-burdened brain!
O weary world of work, await,
Nor call me from my high estate."

IN MEMORIAM.

(From Commencement Poem of '89)

White is the color of God's saints;
In white they walk, in white they stand,
A flame-encompassed, wise-eyed band
They wait the waving of God's hand,
Their lutes are tuned to dewy plaints;
Their pale hands press the harp and palm,
Their brows are aureoled with calm,
By rainbows they are overspanned,
And there is glory in their land.
On earth they walked with busy feet,
They knew our meadows, lake and wood;
They brushed our flowers, they passed and stood
Where we to-day may smile and meet.
But that far watcher, throned in space,
Above the planets, whorl in whorl,
The angel by the gate of pearl,—
Looked down from his high, silent place;
His eyes were deep with dew and sun,
As many marvels he had known;
He marked the myriad worlds that spun
Like motes that God had breathed upon;
He also kept within his ken
The doings of the sons of men,
And saw the light-winged angel, Death,
What time he quenched some strong soul's breath.
He blessed each spirit, as it came
Before his portal, clad in flame,
And granted each, with tender grace,
A kiss of peace, a crown of fire,
And lilies of the heart's desire.
One soul he blessed, and heaven is dear
Because his whiteness shineth there,
Who left his glory in our air,
Whose memory ever lingers here.
Noblest of founders, gentlest friend,
His fame shall reach the wide world's end!
We praise him, honor, love and laud;
To-day, although he dwells with God,
Perchance his angel, unawares,
Is softly passing on our stairs,
Perchance hath hearkened to our prayers!

Anna Robertson Brown, '83.

Oh all ye saints of the East, of Antiquity, of Christianity, phalanx of heroes! Ye too drank deep of weariness and agony of soul, but ye triumphed over both. Ye who have come forth victors from the strife, shelter us under your palms, fortify us by your example!—*Amiel.*

ADDRESS ON RURAL LIFE.

Delivered before the Norfolk Agricultural Society, Sept. 28th, 1859.

BY HENRY F. DURANT.

[*Concluded.*]

There is still left to us all, an inherited memory of that antique Hebrew feeling of the sweetness of repose, under one's own vine and fig-tree, of that deep and intense feeling of repose which the children of Israel, exiles and aliens in Egypt, the wanderers for forty years in the grey, weary desert, might well feel when, amid the green hills and forests of Judea, they could find rest at last for their travel-worn feet, could leave their folded tents, and make themselves homes at last in that land—then so beautiful and fair. We inherit something of that old, deep feeling, for we too, must in some way be exiles and wanderers before we find repose, and the drooping elm tree at the door, the dewy rose-bush at the window of home, the fragrant honey-suckle at the porch, all are "trees of peace!"

This rural life does not teach industry solely, nor cultivate the affections alone, it appeals to all our higher faculties, it refines and elevates, it teaches us that there is beauty in flower and tree, in sunshine and shadow, and in the waving bough, in the golden green light of the woods and meadows, and in the great wild woodlands, which was not bestowed without purpose, nor in vain.

We read in that old cherished book, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," how Christian, as he journeyed, "lifted up his eyes and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was 'Beautiful,' and it stood by the high-way side." As we too journey on in life's pilgrimage, that stately palace rises before us in its hushed and solemn beauty; it stands now as of old by the highway-side, and its lofty portals are thrown open wide, that those who will, may enter there.

We go to the city to study the picture gallery, when every window we look from gives us a picture, which, if we would but study it, mocks the painter's poor imitation, a picture which was never, and can never be painted. Every tree, every green shrub, every graceful bough, as it waves in the sunshine, will give lessons in coloring and form which laugh at the artist's brush. We go to Italy, to see the beauties and wonders and mysteries of another age, while around us lies the true Italy which we should study. One of the most wonderful monuments of Rome is a stately obelisk, which has its own strange history. Far back in the dawn of time it sojourned in Egypt. In the sacred city of the Sun it lifted its red granite shaft, pointing beyond the earth, beyond the stars, the silent witness of the splendor and decay of mighty empires, now lost in oblivion. When imperial Rome sent her iron legions beyond the pyramids, they brought this wondrous column to Italy, as the proudest trophy of their conquests. No ordinary power was worthy to bear such a costly gift to Rome. The sacred Nile itself was turned from its channel, and sought it far away amid the silence of the sands—sought it in its home in the ancient City of the Sun, and bore the heavy burden to the Mediterranean; the sorrowful tribute paid to the Tiber by the conquered Nile. It was carried in festal triumph to the seven-hilled city, as the very seal of her imperial splendor, but it bore its own dark omens and evil destiny with it, over the blue Mediterranean, and became only the prophetic witness of Rome's decay. Now, as of old, it stands amid ancient ruins, the chronicle of a vanished religion, a buried civilization. Its tapering sides are carved with hieroglyphics, which record the history of ancient dynasties, the wars, the conquests of Egypt's forgotton kings. At its feet is buried all that made Rome great in those days of valor and conquest, of power, and pride, and splendor. Now, as of old, it stands in a sacred city, unchanged, while all around it is changed, the same mysterious and impressive monument of man's greatness and man's decay. No, not unchanged, for that dark obelisk of Egypt has forgotten its ancient worship of the sun, has renounced its allegiance to the departed gods of Rome, and now it points serene and calm to heaven, lifting far up in the blue vaulted sky the sacred symbol of the cross.

We leave our homes and journey to Italy to study there the lessons of history, of art, the wisdom and the beauty of a vanished age; but we have before us always, monuments more ancient, more impressive, and more beautiful than Rome can show. The humble grass which we trample daily under our feet can reveal a history more ancient, and more strange, and secrets more marvellous. That

slender elastic stem, which waves so gracefully in every breeze, which bends but breaks not even in the storm, is a tower builded atom by atom, not of red granite, like the obelisk, but of the purest emerald flint. Arch above arch, story above story, it lifts its cells and chambers from the dark earth, storing them as it rises, with its ripened sweetness. Winding channels, too, are formed, through which throb and flow hidden currents, as mysterious as our own vital blood; but their secrets are as yet undiscovered and unknown. The delicacy and the strength of that astonishing masonry laugh at the poor imitations of human skill. Is there an artisan so skilful who could build one of these wonderful cells, or frame one of these perfect arches, a painter so skilful, who on his pallet could mix and mingle the hues of that delicate emerald? The history of that structure is more ancient than obelisk or pyramid, for it dates back to that wonderful, unimaginable dawn, when God said—"Let the earth bring forth grass, and it was so." It has had its journeys, too, and migrations. From those pastoral plains of Central Asia, which were the ancient home of our race, the grass has followed man all over the globe, at once the pioneer and the proof of civilization—not a monument of barbaric wars and triumphs, built only to decay, but of civilization, of humanity and progress; and the wild woods vanish before it, and the dark morass is changed to verdure as it journeys on. Like that obelisk of which I spoke, it was a worshipper of the sun, but it has never forgotten its consecration, nor renounced its allegiance. It is the faithful witness of the divine power which gave it birth, the unerring chronicle of His power and majesty. Its religion has never changed and can never vanish, but year after year it bears aloft the consecrated symbols of flower and seed—the flower that withers and fades, as life must fade, the seed that is the fruit of departing life, the pledge and promise of a resurrection. It has its own hieroglyphics too, inscribed upon it, not the records of bearded kings, but the secrets of life, the secrets of creation—mystic signs and symbols, the keys of which are lost to earth, and are read only in heaven. Ages upon ages ago it received the command to bring forth seed after its kind, and it has never forgotton its trust. Buried, like Egypt's wheat, with its mummy reaper for three thousand years, it never forgets its duty. No human power can make it produce aught from its tiny seed, excepting "after its kind;" and to-day it rears its beautiful shaft crowned with waving, graceful flowers and tasselled seed vessels, as of old. Do we know any thing, after all, of this slighted, unnoticed grass? Have you really read *one* of its mysteries? It grows from the seed, you say—but how, and why? What is hidden in that small shell, which brings forth this strange organization? Explain if you can, one mystery of its existence, one secret of its growth and change, one of the hidden sources of its beauty, its strength, and its usefulness to man, and then go to Italy if you will, to wonder at the obelisk which the sorrowful Nile sent to imperial Rome, and study its mysterious secrets.

This is but one example which I have selected, on account of its humility; but the world is overflowing with this wonder and mystery, which for want of another name we call beauty, and the beautiful. We see it in the fading sunset, the vanishing clouds, in the haunted shadows of the forest, in the delicate wild flowers, more beautiful and more rare, if we would but examine them, than our coarser garden flowers. It is heard in the sounds of the lonely wind, mourning among the pine boughs, in the music of the wandering brooks, in that morning concert of the birds, when in full orchestra, they welcome in the dawn, in the voice of the solitary thrush, singing alone amid the woods, in the deep quiet of noontide. The ancients in their beautiful fables symbolized this beauty, and told of nymphs who dwelt in the shadows, and who haunted the trees, the mountains, and the waters. That beautiful fable has vanished, but the more beautiful reality remains. We hear every where voices from the spirit land, we recognize every where the footsteps of angels; all around lie those manifestations of Divine power which refine, and elevate, and purify.

One of England's true poets, Gerald Massey, who indeed learned in suffering, what he taught in song —himself a poor factory boy, educated by poverty. great by the aid of his struggles, sings thus in one of his "songs for the people:"

"Come from the den of darkness, and the city's soil of sin,

Put on your radiant manhood, and the Angel's blessing win,
Where wealthier sunlight comes from Heaven, like welcome smiles of God,
And earth's blind yearnings leap to life, in flowers from out the sod.
Come worship beauty in the forest dim and hush,
Where stands magnificence dreaming, and God burneth in the bush.
Or where the old hills worship with their silence for a psalm,
Or ocean's weary heart doth keep the Sabbath of its calm.
Come let us worship beauty with the knightly faith of old.
O, chivalry of labor, toiling for the age of Gold.

I am well aware that such thoughts as these are not the daily companions of our farmers, the hourly emotions of all who dwell in the country. The farmer who hoes his corn does not spare the wild weed which grows there on account of its beauty, nor when he is hurrying to save his hay does he watch the sublime beauty of the rolling thunder cloud, but whoever looks down from his lofty pinnacle of self complacency, upon our plain country people, and believes they do not study, do not reflect, do not appreciate what is beautiful and sublime, do not appreciate the great truth that all this beauty was not created without an object, do not refine and cultivate their hearts and brains by the study of it, knows nothing of the hearts of our people, knows nothing of life and its lessons. There are churls, to be sure, who care nothing but for their fields and crops, who think only of manure, and pigs, and potatoes, but they are not representatives (thank Heaven) of our New England farmer.

There is a wild German story of the adventures of the student Anselmus, in which it is related how an old magician shut him up in a glass bottle and placed it on a shelf in his study. Poor Anselmus was unhappy enough in his narrow quarters; but he was not alone; he found on the shelf beside him, other students;—Cross Church scholars and law clerks, shut up in bottles too, like him, but unlike him they were unconscious of their confinement, and thought themselves all the while enjoying life, drinking double beer and singing like true students "Guadiamus igitur." There is much significance in that story; many men are shut up in bottles, and all the while are unconscious of it. You can laugh to yourselves, no doubt, and think of many of your neighbors besides the drunkards, who live shut up in their own glass bottles, living regardless of all the duties of life, selfish churls without friendships and affections, who can never grow better or wiser, or more kindly, but only a little more selfish and cold as they grow older. Let them remain there; the country will have no useful influences for them. They would barter their birthright in the stars, and exchange all that sweet, holy beauty for a single tallow candle to light their gloomy dens. They would rob the sunset clouds of their gold, if it would but make a little dollar for their pockets. Every rose bush would bear thorns only, and not flowers, could they but make the laws of creation. Such churls are not good men, nor good farmers either.

Nature hates a churl and a miser; his fields are traitors to him, his crops rebel against him, his fruits fail him. It is but another illustration of the doctrine, "No work, no wages!" A farmer who thinks only of himself, of crops and of money, and forgets the duties of man, of life, and home, is false to himself, because he is true to himself alone; and by the sure, slow, certain, and inevitable laws of life, his fields and his farm will betray him, and be false to him also. But I repeat it, these are not the representatives of our farmers, nor the results of rural life.

I have often noticed this general difference, that in the country men reflect more, are more conservative and thoughtful. In the city, men live by the railroad, and the telegraph; the morning newspaper thinks for them; the excitement of to-day is forgotten in to-morrows news; they do business by steam and electricity, and decide on the spur of the moment; they are all *fast* men. But in the country there is more reflection and thought. The deep pastoral solitudes have their profound instructions. There is always food for thought here. In the city, if we pause and step aside from the current, and shut our ears to the rush and roar of life, we see only the work of man —not the beautiful, the elevating and refining works of God. Even at night, we creep home through the streets, tired and worn, if we look up at the holy stars, there come to us weary hopes and despondencies, which are not to be spoken or

cherished—longings and sorrows and memories, which are all to be put aside and forgotten.

But in the country you are surrounded with wonder, and mystery, and beauty; you cannot escape them, they follow you into the dark shadows of the wood, they are beneath your feet, although you trample upon them, they cluster around you as you stop to rest. A very learned friend was speaking to me lately of the modern scepticism as to miracles, and the ingenious doubts and speculations of science, which disturb the ancient faith of so many minds. I plucked the white clover blossom at my feet, and replied, "I need no higher miracle than that." Yes, that is the only miracle we need: tell us how, century after century, this humble flower has perpetuated its mysterious birth and growth, tell us why the seed has kept its plighted faith to the Spring, and year after year has blossomed always the same, tell us who taught it to seek out in the dark ground, or in the invisible air, that subtle food which it turns into its own substance. Tell us how this plant, which we call lifeless and inanimate, can produce from its own being that mysterious seed which man's wonderful brain not only cannot imitate, but cannot even understand in its laws,its structure,or its creation; and we will then talk of other miracles, and discuss probabilities; until then we need no higher miracles. How true is it that this world is full of miracles, full of teachers, who are all inspired; and when the sweet season of Pentecost comes, in its green beauty, they speak as of old, with tongues of fire.

Listen then to these voices, learn those psalms of life; let them instruct you in the dignity of labor and the duties of living; let them teach you by the serene, silent influences of beauty; let them steal gently into your hearts, and shape your lives by their sweetness and by their sympathy—for those voices of life and nature are not given without purpose nor in vain; they are the angel songs, which are sung on earth and in the sky: they are the sacred oracles of heaven.

Will you go higher than the farm, its uses, its thrift, its laws of labor—or than the home, with its affections, its duties? The way is easy, and the path is open; the landscape widens as we climb the hill, the air is purer, and the vision more clear. This great book which we call rural life, country, nature, is a beautiful story which has no ending, its pages unfold ever new mysteries; the loftiest genius finds information and instruction and inspiration there; the highest intellect comes there to learn. It gives you the "thoughts which lie too deep for tears," the sunshine, and the glory which is brighter than the sun. In this marvellous book of life, there is inscribed on every page, Excelsior! Eternal progress is the last and loftiest law of nature; taught by the tender flowers which leave the dark cold ground and seek the sweet sunshine, unfolding their delicate beauty towards the heavens; taught by the trees which lift their green columns aloft, and from the topmost limb that looks up at the sky, point always higher; taught by the never resting winds, which wander past the lonely mountain peaks; taught by the mountains, which lift away their grey cliffs above the clouds, and stay their starry soaring only when they have linked the earth and the sky together—until, as you gaze on their aerial summits, heaven seems nearer and eternity more sure. Astronomers tell us, that it is written in the wondrous ordinances of heaven, that the stars shall change their places in the long lapses of time. The constellations which are now visible in our northern latitudes will disappear below the horizon, and other stars will fill their places. Belted Orion, and the white light of Sirius, and the sweet influences of the Pleiades will pass away, and the Southern Cross, now seen only from the Land of Palms, will arise in its mysterious beauty to shed its tender, trembling radiance upon our midnight sky. Yes, even in the stars, which we call fixed, there is endless change and progress. Let us learn from them that highest lesson, and let us seek to make our lives like the star that hasteth never—resteth never—but still moves onward in its appointed way. We need not to wait for another dawn, for another life—we need not wait until we pass the mountain and the river—we are on the mountain now; look up, the river is flowing noiselessly over our heads, and—

> "From the sky serene and far,
> A voice falls like the falling star,
> Excelsior."

We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Launcelot, nor another.—*Tennyson.*

God, who at sundry times in manners many
Spake to the fathers and is speaking still,
Eager to find if ever or if any
Souls will obey and hearken to His will,—

Who that one moment has the least descried Him,
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
Doth not despise all excellence beside Him,
Pleasures and powers that are not and that are,—

Ay amid all men bear himself thereafter
Smit with a solemn and a sweet surprise,
Dumb to their scorn and turning on their laughter
Only the dominance of earnest eyes?—

* * *

Yea thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed;
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

CLOUDLAND.

A glimpse of Waban through the trees; hills clothed in richest green rising lovingly around her; afar off, lifting its head above the other hills, Pegan—the resting place of the setting sun's last rays;—and above it all, the shifting, ever varying clouds forming, against their blue-grey background, scenes of beauty and of grandeur.

It was one September afternoon. The morning had brought us a violent and unexpected shower, but, between three and four, the heavy clouds had spent their force. Freed from their frowning weight they were passing off—leaving here and there glimpses of the blue sky across which their little children—the soft fleecy cloudlets—were playfully chasing one another, on gathering into pretty groups.

I had seated myself in my high window seat with the firm purpose of mastering the morrow's lesson in Pschycology; but thinking deeply on some disputed question, I dropped my book and, with thoughts thus preoccupied sat looking out of my window.

A flock of crows with their hoarse cawing, their black circling against the sunlit sky, startled me from my reverie, and I became conscious of the beauties of the scene before me.

There beyond Waban, as if the clouds were but the hills continued, I could trace little lakes surrounded by shining shores. Here and there islands broke in on the blue lake surface, or promontories jutted out, trying to bridge it.

A cold breeze came in at my window and, looking again into my cloudland, I found the lakes and isles had disappeared, but in their stead stood a grand old castle of the middle ages. It seemed a fortress by the sea, for foaming billows stormed its rocky sides, and grey and dark looked down its towers and battlements into the sea below. Afar off advanced a threatening army, but as this neared the castle, a ray from the setting sun struggled through the surrounding cloud, and castle, army, and sea alike were gone.

A burst of golden glory filled the sky and, as it were, in reverence for the monarch of the day, the clouds rolled back, leaving the high heaven open to his parting gaze. All nature was bathed in a flood of light.

A moment later and the sun too was gone. Then, in after thought of his gaze, all cloudland blushed with pleasure—cloudlets of tenderest pink appeared against the blue sky, while those of deepest rose marked the place of his departure.

The day had closed. Twilight's grey gradually took the place of sunset hues, and I returned from cloudland to study land.

Mary L. Dransfield, '90.

"Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrival of mistakes. Forget mistakes; organize victory out of mistakes."

Robertson.

With respect to any final aim or end, the greater part of mankind live at hazard. They have no certain harbor in view, we direct their course by any fixed star. But to him that knoweth not the port to which he is bound, no wind can be favorable; neither can he, who has not yet determined at what mark he is to shoot, direct his arrow aright.

Coolidge.

In conversation seek not so much either to meet thy knowledge or to increase it, as to know more spiritually and effectually what thou dost know.

Coleridge.

THE WEEK.

On Sunday, Oct. 6th, Prof. W. H. Ryder, of Andover, took as his text, Col. 3 : 17 : "And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." The leading principle of a Christian life is set forth in this verse. The centre of Christianity is consecrated conduct. Not simple morality, but conduct in accordance with the will of Christ and emanating from devotion to Him. Christian life is doing one's duty steadily and faithfully, choosing the will of God for the guiding principle of life, and making every act spring from devotion to Christ. After the service the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered.

* * *

Saturday evening, Oct. 6th, the '92s held their class social in the gymnasium, and a sociable social it was. A few rugs, and cushions, and a great many dining room chairs formed the decorations, and the chairs were all needed, for '92, with her usual class spirit, turned out in full force for the occasion.

Promptly at seven o'clock the girls began to arrive, and there was the usual amount of chatter and laughter and conjecture as to what might be hidden on the stage behind the green curtains, while those who were so inclined passed the time preceding the reading of the Class History in informal dancing.

On the tap of a bell all hastened to seat themselves, and the president declared her happiness in being able to welcome so large a number of the class, and announced the first part of the programme to be the reading of the Class History. Miss Kenney then stepped forward and introduced here subject in the following lines:

"A quaking through my heart there thrills,
At the terrifying thought of *bills*,
Term-bills, washing-bills, birds'-bills,
Billet-doux!

But college girls in spite of ills,
Take infantile delight in bills,
Not bills like stationery bills, big bills!
But — *Memory-bills!*"

The drawing of the curtains displayed a scene of seeming turmoil and confusion, above which hung a huge sign with the legend: "'92's Memory Bill."

The walls, the floor and a large stand at the back of the stage were covered with memorabilia. There were: pitchers, pails, pans, mops, dishes, brooms, clocks, knives, dish towels, bread, gymnasium suits, a gossamer, a Tree Day gown, and charcoal sketches innumerable, displaying the various stages of mental, moral and physical development attained by '92 in her Freshman year.

The two historians, Miss Parkes and Miss Kenney, then proceeded, each in her own way, to explain the significance of the various objects displayed. To Miss Parkes the subject had appealed from a purely scientific standpoint; '92's development had been a kind of chemical change produced by a series of experiments practised by higher powers. Her description of the experiments, observations, and conclusions was given with a solemnity only heightened by the contrast to the manner of Miss Kenney, whose imaginative zeal often caused her to burst forth into poetry and song. Miss Parkes introduced each experiment, gave the logical observation and conclusion and in many cases was able to show the experiment in process of action or completion, by means of crayon drawings enlarged from photographs. Miss Kenney would then take the same subject, clothe it in a poetic garb and appeal to '92's more imaginative faculties with bursts of impassioned oratory. Not one of the many experiments was omitted: Ethics, Drawing, Gymnastics, Mathematics, each came in for its share, and the gymnasium was one revibratory giggle from beginning to end of the reading.

Some few experiments whose success the classes acknowledged by rather deafening applause may here be cited. In speaking of gymnastics Miss Parkes illustrated by means of the gym-suit so dear to the hearts of last year's Freshman; and she also displayed a crayon sketch of the "Great Freshman Circle," the most remarkable of its kind. Miss Kenney armed with a pointer with which the better to illustrate her meaning began:

"This is the gym-suit that Irwin made.
This is the cap that goes with the gym-suit that Irwin made.
This is the girl that dons the cap that goes with the gym-suit that Irwin made.
This is the twirl, that shows off the girl, that dons the cap, that goes with the suit that Irwin made.
This is the march, that follows the twirl, that shows off the girl, that dons the cap, that goes with the suit that Irwin made.
This is the tune that goes to the march, &c."

And so on to the result, fully developed, a suit artistically stuffed with pillows.

There were parodies without number. Parodies on "The Owl and the Pussy-cat," Tennyson's "Brook," and Poe's "Bells," the last beginning:

"Hear the watchman sound the bell!
Disturbing bell!

What a world of misery its unwelcome notes foretell!
How it swells, swells, swells
Till its swellings rise to yells,
And its racket, sleep repels;
With a murderous delight,
It says, 'Time, time, time!'
In a hoarse, sore throatish rhyme,
And its tributribulations that unmusically wells,
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
From the cruelly relentless, rising bells!"

So from one thing to another, the exploits of the class as a whole as well as the no less interesting adventures of some of the members taken singly or in groups were rehearsed scientifically and poetically till the full development of the freshmen was demonstrated by Miss Parkes, who said that those who had been brought here in the arms of their parents were in most cases able to return to their homes alone.

After the history there was more dancing; some clever tableaux representing striking epochs in Freshmen life; and at a quarter past nine o'clock, after singing one verse of "Auld Lang Syne," each '92 placed a dining-room chair upside down upon her head and departed with repeated exclamations of, "*Such* a good time!

* * *

MONDAY evening came, clear and beautiful, and brought Mrs. Palmer to speak to us again and to tell us the story, ever new, of how Christ showed himself to the world in one whose name we all love and whose vision was so clear that through him God could send messages to His world. The service opened with an organ prelude, followed by song and prayer, after which Mrs. Palmer spoke to us of Mr. Durant's life and work. It was good to hear her say that Wellesley had been dear to her all this long year of absence and that though there were many strange faces, "no one of them was a stranger to those who had loved Mr. Durant."

After speaking of her pleasure in talking to us at this time, and her desire that the new girls should feel that they knew Mr. Durant better and should care for what he cared for, Mrs. Palmer gave a short history of his life, dwelling especially on his high ideals for girls and women. Born at Hanover, New Hampshire, February 20, 1822, and "gifted with beauty, grace, intellectual vigor, a poet's and an artist's soul," Mr. Durant was fortunate in having his youth guided by three noble women, his mother and two remarkable teachers. At the age of nineteen, he graduated from Harvard,—"a dreamer, a scholar," longing to devote his life to poetry, but instead, obliged to enter his father's law-office. During the next twenty years, he rose rapidly into a foremost position at the bar, though at the same time, continuing the literary work he so much loved.

But a great sorrow came to him and, having given his life to God, he with his characteristic single-heartedness sought for the best way of serving his Master, first as an evangelist, then in providing a way for women to be prepared for the place he saw they must fill. There was great need for such an institution and there were many to discourage its establishment. "We shall not need such a college for a hundred years," one man said. But Mr. Durant saw that "this republic needed Christian homes and schools, women physically stronger, intellectually wiser, religiously more sincere, to be the mothers;" and so he labored to give the girls here the very best in every way. He himself, "kind, true, strong, gentle as a woman, brave as the truest soldier, with a sweet, sparkling wit and humor, a penetrating delightful voice," longed to see women "womanly, sweet and true, wise, refined, graceful socially, with better health and calmer nerves;" and, for it, "he gave not only his wealth, but his life." And the girls, Mrs. Palmer said, were to be "happy, glad, rich and strong—he expected it—and to be Christ's, for his sake and Christ's."

Miss Chandler of the class of '79 told us something of Mr. Durant from a student's standpoint. She spoke of his great magnetic power, the effect of which she had seen in the Union Church in Boston, even before she came here; of his broad sympathies which led him to take a personal interest, not only in every girl here, but in the girls who went out from here to labor for Christ; also of his desire that each girl should put "Christ first in everything," and should feel that it is only "our *reasonable* service" that Christ asks. Miss Chandler had noticed with delight that "his spirit is here and that the motto is incorporated, not only in the walls and buildings, but in the girls," and her wish is, that we should "show forth in our lives the spirit of our motto."

The service was interspersed with the singing of some of Mr. Durant's favorite hymns and with solos by Miss Roberts and Miss Marot, and brought inspiration and enthusiasm for better, higher work. And, while none of the students of to-day ever saw Mr. Durant or heard him speak, yet no girl could have come away without feeling that she knew him in his purposes and ideals; that she thanks God for the message of his life, and will endeavor to do her part in carrying on his great work.

COLLEGE NOTES.

QUERY. Why have not the Seniors entered the tournament?

MISS GERTRUDE CHANDLER, '79, who is taking a year's vacation from her missionary work in India, paused in her busy course long enough to spend a few quiet days at Wellesley.

THOUGH her stay in Wellesley was short, Mrs. Palmer gave fresh inspiration to everyone. We were all glad to hear her say that on Monday afternoons she would always be at home to Wellesley girls.

LEFT with J. M. Ford, jeweller, No. 3 Winter St., Boston, a high school monogram pin (S. H. S. '85.) The owner can obtain the above by applying to Miss L. M. Hodgkins, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

LAST week, her many friends were made happy by a visit from Miss Soule. She stayed in the village with Miss Horton, and was only allowed to depart when she promised to spend Sunday with us sometime in the near future.

THE excitement for the past week has been confined to members of the Faculty. Among other adventures a party of dignified officers varied a drive by losing a wheel and there are rumors in regard to a wild contest with a refractory bat. The poor creature learned to his sorrow that the parlor was sacred to Faculty only.

PHI SIGMA'S first program meeting of this year was held in Society Hall, last Thursday night. The first part of the evening was devoted to a discussion of mythology, after which the society listened to animated reports on the affairs of the day. The exercises enlivened by humorous addresses and a song composed for the occasion were voted a decided success.

OF all pathetic sights and doleful squeaks, perhaps the most pathetic and the most doleful were combined in our late visitor, the humble organ grinder and his ancient instrument. How he came there no one knew, but there he was under the Reading room windows, grinding away for dear life and looking wistfully at every girl he saw. He paraded an empty cap without success and doubtless went away thinking all Wellesley hard-hearted. If he could only have known how exquisitely distracting the plaintive strains of "Rock-a bye" were to the writers of History note-books and strugglers over Conic Sections, possibly he would have forgiven us.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

Mrs. Flora Muzzey Metcalf, '81, has removed from Columbus to Cleveland, Ohio, her husband, Rev. Irving W Metcalf, having accepted a call to a parish in the latter city.

The teachers of Dana Hall consider themselves fortunate in counting among their number this year, Miss Caroline J. Cook, '84, who is ably filling her position as head of the Latin department.

Readers of *The Courant* will recall the article by Professor Hill upon the Harcourt Place Seminary at Gambier, Ohio. The many friends of Miss Ada I. Ayer of the class of '80, will be glad to know that she has become the Principal of that institution. Her previous career as a teacher in the Albany Free Academy, and her last four years at Dana Hall have served to demonstrate her exceptional fitness for this position. Those who have been associated with Miss Ayer, and who part from her with profound regret, those who know her rare, womanly qualities, — her gentle firmness, clear insight, self-control, sympathy, withal, her judicial fairness and the Christian earnestness of her character,—are not merely hopeful, but sanguine concerning her success in this new field which calls for so much in the way of administrative ability, and which offers so much in the way of grand opportunity.

BORN.

At Rockford, Ill., Aug. 1, a son, Watson Van Bergen, to Mrs. Harriet Van Bergen Pierpont, student at Wellesley, '83-'84.

MARRIED.

CONN–SMITH.—At Woburn, Mass., Sept. 11, by Rev. Daniel March, D. D., Marion I. Smith, '87, and Horace N. Conn.

CROCKER–MILES.—At Fitchburg, Mass., Sept. 19, Hester E. Miles, student at Dana Hall, '82-'84, and Kendal Fox Crocker.

WILLCOX–BEAN.—At Stamford, Ct., Oct. 2, Elizabeth Hoyt Bean, student at Wellesley '87-'88 and Dr. Harry Prescott Willcox.

MCCAULEY–PARKER.—At East Orange, N. J., Oct. 2, Nettie Alice Parker, '88, and Dr. John Warden McCauley.

MORGAN–RICE.—At Shrewsbury, Mass., Oct. 2, Edith Atwood Rice, student at Wellesley, '87-'89, and Lewis Edson Morgan.

ALLEN–STAPLES.—At Winona, Minn., Oct. 9, Gertrude Staples, student at Wellesley '82-'85, and Seward D. Allen.

DIED.

At Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 30, Alice White, student at Wellesley. '85-'87.

FOREIGN LETTER.

Dear Prelude:

According to my agreement I send you a few lines from this beautiful place Lagano, a Swiss lake and a Swiss village in the midst of Italy, as you well know. I am here alone, having lost my six travelling companions. The diligence ride from Brigue to Domo D'ossolu through the Simplon pass is delightful. You pass through the wildest gorge in Switzerland by a route which borders on precipices and overlooks chasms, passes over and under torrents and which, though 6,500 feet above the level of the sea, is so safe that you have not the least fear, but rather are filled with love and gratitude to the Divine Maker of such wonders.

In Brigue we were obliged to take two diligences in order to have outside seats; it was very warm and no one was willing to sit inside where the view was confined to the little wheel and the window frame and one had to swallow much more dust than from the outside. In an hour or two my companions and I will meet on the steamer which goes from Lagano to Como. September 15th, when you are all singing "God is Love,' we will join you in the church at Milan and perhaps in the grand Cathedral.

I wanted to write to welcome you all back to our College Beautiful, even more beautiful at this distance, which removes all the vexations of the beginning of a new year, and leaves only the pleasures in my memory.

I want to write you about the Paris exposition and especially of the Congrés de l'Ensignment secondaire et supériere, of which I was a member, as were also Miss Fannie Massie and Miss A. Ross, two former Wellesley students.

I will not describe our work now, for I have not my notes with me and they are worth consulting, for I heard such men as M. Gréard, Recteur of the Academie de Paris and M. Maurel who presided. Among the American speakers were Ex-president White of Cornell, and Dr. Harris and Mr. Clark, the United States Commissioners.

Several distinguished English men and women spoke, and I could not refrain from telling what we are doing at Wellesley; this was so far beyond what they teach girls and women in Europe that my statements were received almost with incredulity.

After stating that our girls study Greek and Latin, French and German, as well as the sciences, in addition to the history and literature of their country, "And do they sleep and eat and walk?"—This question was asked by the Director of Public Education in Holland.—"Yes," I answered, "and they find time to row in the lake and play tennis, print a magazine and play private theatricals." A shout of laughter was heard in the old and venerable salle de la Sorbonne, which was our meeting place. I looked apologetically at Corneille's and Racine's busts—in a very bad state of preservation—and they frowned at me, but Molière and Voltaire looked as if they would wink and say: "Courage, go ahead, we are here to protect thee, your enemies have lowered their flags and are disarmed."

They are, however, doing much in France for the education of women in Literature and Philosophy, and our future young French teachers will be thoroughly educated.

I do not find it easy to write English this morning; I am speaking nothing but French, German and Italian, and I hope to forget a great deal of English; it will be such a pleasure to learn it again.

I must tell you that at Brigue at eleven o'clock at night, my name, pronounced by a gentlemen on the stairs, made me start; it was M. Maurel, who presided over our section at the congress.

We talked until midnight and he told me that what I had said at the congress had greatly interested the members and that a number of them went to the exposition in order to study what there was about Wellesley.

I did not go to the first session, as my home duties kept me busy. I was not willing to assume any work on the committees, as the meetings took place at 8 A. M. and I was an hour's ride from the Sorbonne. I will write more of this when I return to Paris for work in November.

We are going from here to Milan by lake, then to Venice, Florence, Rome and Naples; we have had beautiful weather everywhere and at Rigi we saw the finest sunrise of the year; at the Jungfrau the coquette put on her most brilliant smiles to conquer the Wellesley party, and I am sure the Mer de Glace had never before received the visit of six maidens, without a chaperone, coming on foot from Chamonix to bring greetings from the College Beautiful and her Faculty.

Au revoir, cher PRELUDE, much prosperity to you, to the President, to Academic and Faculty councils and to my much beloved victims, to students old and new.

Your most affectionate,

R. Sée.

Nothing makes the soul so pure, so religious, as the endeavor to create something perfect: For God is perfection, and whoever strives for it strives for something that is God-like. True painting is only an image of God's perfection,—a shadow of the pencil with which He paints, a melody, a striving after harmony.—*Michael Angelo.*

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

THE great English boat race between Cambridge and Oxford was won this year by Cambridge.

PRESIDENT SEELYE of Amherst will spend the winter in Europe, recruiting his health. Professor Tyler will supply his place in the college.

CLARK UNIVERSITY, Worcester, Mass., was dedicated Oct. 2. The exercises, which were held in the hall of the University, were attended by an audience of about 1500 persons.

RUTGERS COLLEGE.—A great loss has been sustained by the college in the death of Prof. George H. Cook, vice-president of the college and State Geologist of New Jersey. Suitable resolutions were passed by the faculty and students, and the college chapel draped in mourning.

AT a recent meeting at Wesleyan University, the undergraduates of the college pledged $1,500 for a new gymnasium. President Raymond roused the enthusiasm of the meeting at the first by saying that he would give $100 for the privilege of digging the first sod.

EVELYN COLLEGE for women, at Princeton, has opened with an unusually large number of students and increased facilities for study. The course covers four or five years, five years preferred, and every member of the faculty of Princeton University is available for instruction at the college.

THE fourth annual conference and encampment of college students met at Northfield, Mass., June 29—July 10,'89. One hundred and thirty institutions of learning were represented by 473 students, from Japan, England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Canada and all parts of the United States. Mr. Moody presided at all the regular sessions of the convention.

The determined stand which the faculty of Amherst have taken in regard to all college affairs, noticeably athletics and rushing, meets with decided favor. A rush would have occurred recently had not the faculty called upon the secret societies to prevent it and requested the upper classmen to use their influence with the Freshmen.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE corner-stone of Shannon Observatory, Colby University, was laid on Thursday, Sept. 26, with appropriate memorial exercises. The observatory is built with a fund given by Richard Shannon of New York, and is to be ready for occupancy the 1st of Nov.

THE $150,000 requisite for the erection of the proposed gymnasium at Yale has been raised. The site for the building is on Elm Street. The ground covered will be about 1000 square feet.

The Harvard and Yale foot-ball game is announced for Nov. 23 at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass.

Dr. William C. Young was inaugurated this week as president of Centre College, Danville, Kentucky.

OUR OUTLOOK.

Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, will open its medical department to women.

Miss Mary E. Alexander of West Philadelphia, has the best record ever made by man or woman in examination before the Civil Service Commission for certification to the executive department for appointment. Miss Alexander is only twenty-one years of age, and is a school teacher.

Miss Eva Sars, one of the finest lady skaters of the world, is thus fitted to share the adventures of her future husband, Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer.

Not very long ago, a lady violinist was regarded as something of a phenomenon. But at the recent musical concourse at the Paris Conservatoire the female students of the instrument mustered nearly as strong as their competitors of the opposite sex; and eight of the fourteen prizes awarded fell to their share. Mlle. Dantin, a girl of fifteen, so completely distanced all her rivals, male and female, that the jury unanimously awarded her the first prize of the year.

Two Vassar girls, Ella S. Leonard and Caroline G. Single, bought a run-down newspaper at Atlantic Highlands, N. Y., have brought up its standard, and are making it pay. They do the literary work of the paper, and manage a large job-printing business besides. A New York reporter, who visited their office, was shocked at "its unnatural cleanliness and unheard of comfort."

For some months past the following advertisement appeared daily in the columns of the London Times:—

"Miss Ethel Dickens, Type-writing office, 26 Wellington Street, Strand, over the office of All the Year Round. MSS. copied. Price list on application."

There is no necessity for the daughter of the Fiction Wizard to enter into business; but she has the indomitable energy of her illustrious father, and this is one way in which it seeks vent. If London thinks less of her for it, so much the worse for London.

"Could an American statesman of a century ago come back to life, the thing that would amaze him most would not be the existence of electric lights and phonographs, * * * * it would be the fact that in organizing five new States, each of vast area and unknown resources, a large part of the time of the organizing body has been devoted to deciding whether men alone or women also, should become voters in these new-born commonwealths. Nay his chief wonder would lie in the fact that the final debate in each case did not turn on the question 'whether' but rather on the question 'how far,' since all five States have finally made women voters about something." *T. W. H. in Harper's Bazar.*

WABAN RIPPLES.

The echo in the Lecture Room was not the only feature of the new Art Building and its contents that called forth from Tim expressions of appreciation and admiration. On being shown into the gallery containing the casts which were being retouched and repaired by an Italian, Tim remarked, "That Italian is a smart feller, and has a good paying business. I suppose he will be after putting heads on them women," the ladies in question being those who gracefully reclined in the pediment of the Parthenon.

The bust of young Bacchus with his chaplet of grape-vine and drooping head aroused his sympathy, because "that feller looks sad like, now."

But the climax of admiration and wisdom was displayed at his discovery of the colossal head of Zeus. "And who might that be?" asked Tim, of his guide and show-woman. "That is the head of Zeus, one of the old Greek gods." A long drawn breath and still longer pause followed this information, and then the exclamation, "Them ancient people was awful big and gross—every generation grows smaller!"

Are we to understand that a certain member of the Faculty, has been obliged to part temporarily with any of her personal possessions because she remarked at the German the other evening, "I have been to *the three balls* to-night?"

Shakespeare News:

A western tragedian is said to have recently satisfied his hunger on Shakesperian *roles*.

In the Church-yard:

Jimmie, (*aged seven*): Aunt Gertrude, there's a tombstone over there with "Meet me on the other side" written on it, but when I went around to the other side there wasn't anybody there.

Such was the debilitating effect of the summer vacation upon one of our most intelligent Seniors that she remarked, while she drove troublesome hens from the tennis-court, "What a nuisance hens are anyway! Why do we need have them now? We have incubators."

An old lady, living in North Carolina, suddenly found herself in Tennessee. The country had been recently surveyed and the boundary line changed. "Ah," said the old lady, "how thankful I am! North Carolina never did agree with me."

Small boy, (*shoving five pennies across the counter*): Please give me a five-cent dime novel, Mister.

Deacon, (*growing eloquent*): I tell you every child should have a Christian education, yes, be she girl or be she boy!

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The Atlantic for Oct.— "A Non-Combatants War Reminiscences" presents some of the phases of our civil war from the standpoint of a Southern clergyman. —John Fiske has an historical paper on "The Monmouth and Newport Campaigns."— In "Prismatics" the writer points out "the virtue of light and its analogy to spiritual truth. Light is gladness, life and law. Its code is the prism, the point at which it meets and embraces color."— "The Closing Scenes of the Iliad" is an essay upon "The Masterpiece of Imaginative poetry."—"Dave's Neckliss" is a Southern story of slavery times.—Some surprising facts about government debts and the laws in regard to them are told in the article entitled "The Government and its Creditors."—The great change in woman's life since early English days is pictured in "Ladies and Learning."— An interesting objection to the philosophical novel "which spoils the just proportions of a story" is made in "Fiction in the Pulpit."—A character sketch of "Theodore Dwight Woolsey" will be read with interest by many.

The Century for Oct.—M. Coquelin compares "Moliere and Shakspeare. "Moilere seems like a belated twin of Shakspeare. * * * It might be said that Shakspeare teaches us to think, but Moliere teaches us to live."—Mr. Kennan has an article on "East Siberian Silver Mines."—"Baseball—For the Spectator" gives the history and general principles of the national game.—Maurice Thompson's "Ben and Judas" is a study of the relation between a master and slave.—We have a pleasant introduction to the family of Sir John Herschel through "Maria Mitchell's Reminiscences of the Herschels."—"The Training of the Teacher" emphasizes the need of instruction in Pedagogics, and describes the New York College for Training of Teachers.—"Manual Training as a Factor in Modern Education" and "The Democratic Ideal in Education" are full of interest.—"War Diary of a Union Woman in the South" gives a vivid picture of an exciting life.—In the series "Italian Old Masters" Fra Filippo Lippo is the subject for this month.—An unusual number of short poems appear in this number.

The North American Review for Oct.—Henry George writes that "The Warning of the English Strikes" seems to be that modern society "has but the choice between the single tax and socialism, between justice and war."—In "A Storm Centre in Theology" Newman Smyth shows the losses caused by the action of the American Board at Springfield — "The Tyranny of Labor Organizations" presents views differing from those of Mr. George, who is not opposed to trades-unions.—"Obstruction in the National House" by T. B. Reed M. C., lays before the people the hindrances to action in the rules of the House during former years.—Viscount Wolseley continues the "English View of the Civil War."—Dion Boucicault points out some of the requirements and limitations of "Theatres, Halls and Audiences."—"Ericsson and his Monitor" is written by Ericsson's draughtsman — "Lord Wolseley's Mistake" is an effort by Jefferson Davis to "refute Lord Wolseley's slanderous perversions of Confederate history."—Hon. Don M. Dickinson has an article on "Progress and the Post."—"The Open Door of Quackery" is a presentation of the need of medical legislation in the States to protect the welfare of the people.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Selections from Wordsworth. With notes by A. J. George M. A., Editor of Wordsworth's Prelude. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.35. To fall into the hands of one's friends may be a fair or foul fate. In the case of Wordsworth's Poems, than which few make greater demands on the judgment and taste in the process of selection, Wordsworth has found the sympathy of the friend and the discrimination of the critic. The Wordsworth lover may look from cover to cover and miss not one of his favorites, the Wordsworth critic may follow after and find every poetic form in which Wordsworth wrote, illustrated. But this for the most part might be said of Matthew Arnold's admirable Selection. The special charm of this volume is the series of appended notes whose main characteristic is their friendliness. In the place of a superfluity of explanatory notes whose intrusion in works of this character so frequently lays the author open to the charge of assumption that he is the only individual possessed of any general knowledge of the subject, Mr. George in a reserved, social manner allows us to share with him not only his advanced study of the poetry of Wordsworth. but the pleasure that comes from frequenting the haunts he loved. With the same modest suggestiveness, he quietly teaches many a lesson in history and legend while ostensibly aiming at naught save the better interpretation of the poem in question, a fact that evidences the good teacher as well as editor. If anything is left to be desired, the student or reader looks vainly for assistance in the study of the variety of verse-forms which the poetry of Wordsworth so well illustrates. But we are grateful to the editor who relieves of its possibility by the very method of his treatment, an annotated book from the aridity usually suggested by the announcement of a volume of poems attended by that officious maid-in-waiting "Notes," and cordially commend the work to our students of Literature, both in and out of the College.

Mr. George has also published a Syllabus of English Literature and History, which for those who may not possess the more pretentious work of Prof. Nichol will temporarily furnish the aid which the best equipped student, if he would become a scholar, must possess more intimately, than within the covers of a book.

A Wheel of Fire. By Arlo Bates. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. paper, 50*c.* The question of heredity and its bearing on human life, which is justly receiving more attention every day, is the underlying thought in this story. Damaris Wainwright has seemingly many things to make her happy, good birth, wealth, and education, but she has seen her mother and only brother both become helplessly insane, and we find her at the beginning of the story filled with a constant dread that she has also been born to the same heritage of woe. She is, therefore, giving up all life's joys, and, among other things, believes it her duty not to marry. Her struggle with herself over this question is a long and intense one. All the influence, conscious and unconscious, that is brought to bear upon her is on the side of her inclinations and opposed to her sense of duty. Finding little help outside herself, and unable longer to bear the burden alone, she finally yields to her friends. The decision brings little rest, however. The strain has been too great, and the long dreaded doom falls on her wedding day. This is too often the end of such a beginning, but we cannot believe that it was inevitable because of inherited tendencies, or that it was a "doom forethought by Heaven." One feels continually, while reading the story, that it is rather invited by Damaris' constant brooding over it. Though our God is a "jealous God" and does "visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children," yet He has also promised "to show mercy unto thousands of them that believe in Him and keep His commandments" We firmly believe, therefore, that if Damaris Wainwright had believed this promise and fulfilled its conditions, her inheritance would have lost its power to harm her. The story is a strong and vivid one. The thread of circumstances is most carefully and effectively woven, and the author has given much attention to discussions of the aims and motives of his characters, trying to show that their outward lives are but the natural expression of their inherent natures.

School Hygiene. By Arthur Newsholme, M. D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 50*c.* School hygiene is already an important factor in questions of popular education. Great attention is being paid to the sanitary condition of our schools. Better buildings are now being erected, and a certain amount of knowledge of hygiene is sometimes required of the teacher. Too much, however, cannot be said on the subject, and there is still need of earnest agitation, for it is a sad yet true fact that we frequently find, even now, buildings totally unfit for the purpose still used as schools. Nor is it a rare sight to see a really good building misused and its advantages lessened by the ignorance of the teacher in regard to the proper use of its conveniences and improvements. Dr. Newsholme has tried to lessen both these evils by his *School Hygiene* which is a particular application of the General Laws of Health which he treated in detail in his *Manual of Hygiene.* The book is in two parts. In the first, which takes up the school, we have a clear, practical enumeration of the essential requirements of an ideal school building. The different chapters take up, in turn, the site and construction of the building, the furniture, lighting, ventilating in all its phases, and drainage. The second part contains an earnest consideration of the needs of the scholar. The various chapters treat of mental exercises, age and sex in relation to school life, muscular exercise, sleep and rest, diet, dress, bathing, communicable diseases in school, and school accidents. Dr. Newsholme's experience in English universities and schools as Medical Examiner and Referee has pre-eminently fitted him to advise in all these matters. He writes clearly and forcibly, illustrating his meaning and strengthening his position with numerous diagrams, charts, and tables of statistics. We would strongly recommend the book to school committees, teachers, and mothers, since it is only by the united efforts and sympathy of these three that we can hope to solve the problem of popular education. and obtain the best results from our common school system.

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